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# BATES STUDENT.

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VOL. IX. No. 3.

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→:MARCH, 1881.←

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LEWISTON:  
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# THE BATES STUDENT.

*A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.*

Published by the Class of '82, Bates College.

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## EDITORS.

F. L. BLANCHARD, Editor-in-Chief; W. S. HOYT, Personals and Correspondence; S. A. LOWELL, Literary; W. M. COGSWELL and E. R. RICHARDS, Local.

BUSINESS MANAGER: C. H. LIBBY.

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# THE BATES STUDENT.

VOL. IX.

MARCH, 1881.

No. 3.

## EBB-TIDE.

A dreary waste outstretching far,  
Beneath a cheerless sky,  
The vessels leaning on their side,  
Like helpless wrecks they lie.  
The beach thick strewn with sea-weeds brown,  
Mingled with spars and ropes,  
Seems like our lives, strewn thickly o'er  
With wrecks of shattered hopes.

## FLOOD-TIDE.

But even while I sadly muse,  
On lessons all must learn,  
The curling waters kiss the shore,  
Recede, yet soon return.  
And now the righted vessels, proud,  
The placid waves may ride,  
The gulls fly free, like hopes fresh winged,  
Life, too, hath its flood-tide.

N., '77.

## NEWSPAPERS.

THE law of supply and demand is operative upon news and newspapers, as well as upon other commodities. News has always had a market value, and anything that has a market value is sure to be cultivated. The barter system long prevailed in transactions in news, and is not uncommon in our day. A piece of information is given for some other piece of information. The newspaper is the negotiable instrument of news, or, better, the currency.

The first newspaper was a government

institution, a government monopoly; and many governments of the earth to-day consider it unsafe to allow the people to provide news for themselves. Those in authority provide such as is proper. England abandoned this policy in 1695 when the licensing act was allowed to expire, and the censorship of the press given up. Our own government has never undertaken to dictate its citizens in regard to the publication of newspapers. Private enterprise has been allowed full scope, with nothing but the laws in relation to libel to hold it in check. The demand for news is always firm. Perhaps there is no commodity in which there is such great activity at all times. Capital, seeking profitable investment, has been enticed, by the large demand, into the business of collecting and distributing news. The most lively competition has ensued, and is attended with all the blessings and all the ills that go to make up the life of business in any branch of industry. The public is served with news according to its requirements. It is made to order, so to speak, to fit and flatter any condition or enormity of the social system. Disreputable dealers have gone into the business, and have adulterated facts, and tricked out falsehood in the guise of truth, palming them off upon an eager and trusting public for the pure article. The market is full of news with figurative sand and glucose in it, news that is short measure, news that leaks, news that won't wash.



Like air and water, news is common property. Whoever first gets possession is the legal owner. Its intrinsic value is but a small part of its market value. The larger part of its market value is represented by the labor that has been expended in acquiring it or manufacturing it. The newspapers are the service pipes that leave it at our door every morning or evening. We do not pay for the water that runs into our wash basins, but for the labor and for the interest on the money that has been expended in rendering it so convenient to perform our matutinal ablutions. So the public turns on its water, its gas, or its news with about equal system and regularity.

There has always existed in the human mind a desire to know of events as they were happening from day to day, but the energy and enterprise necessary to satisfy this desire has been of slow development. The whole scheme of mythology seems to have been invented because it was easier to speculate and theorize, than to make scientific investigation. So long as learning was the monopoly of the few, imposture was easy. Another desire that the human mind has always contained, is that of foretelling future events. The fascinating element of uncertainty renders this peculiarly attractive to speculators. This has become one of the most important features of the newspaper. We are told, upon one side of the sheet, what has transpired during the day; upon the other side, what will probably transpire to-morrow. This is a natural sequence,—first the facts, then deductions from those facts. The newspapers are the modern oracles, consulted and interpreted not by any privileged brotherhood, but by each individual for himself. Newspaper editors are the most serious minded men of the times, more often deceived than deceivers, and of most implicit faith in the truth of their own utterances. It is the public that consults

its "Metropolitan Oracle" of a morning over its coffee, and steps out upon the street to exchange salutations and indulge in "ocular strabismus" over the latest prognostication.

That the newspaper had its origin under a republican form of government is a matter of considerable significance; for the origin of the modern newspaper is credited to Venice. During the latter part of the sixteenth century an official publication of the Venetian government appeared monthly, in manuscript, called the *Gazette*. In years previous, during the wars the Turks waged with the Venetians for the repossession of Constantinople, the custom was established in Venice of reading, in some particular place, news from the seat of war, and the privilege of listening to the reading of these bulletins was paid for in a coin called the *gazetta*. Hence the name. The conjunction of circumstances that demand a newspaper is to be found in a republican form of government. The citizens of Venice sought to inform themselves of current events by an organized method of communication. Having a responsibility in the conduct of affairs, it behooved them to know how affairs were conducting themselves.

Printing was a partially developed mechanical contrivance lying about waiting for a soul to come and inhabit it, when the newspaper idea came and took up its abode therein. The printing of books, histories, treatises, scientific systems, and metaphysical theories, is not to be discouraged, but the newspaper is the great educator. It is in printing the newspaper that the art of printing itself has developed its most wonderful possibilities.

The newspaper has thrived under the constitutional government of England, but that government is responsible for long years of persecution of newspaper editors and publishers. In Continental Europe the censorship of the press is still compar-

actively rigid. The *Weekly News*, published in London in 1622, was the first English newspaper, and in 1709 the first daily morning newspaper, the *Daily Courant*, was established.

The newspaper is the dissolvent of the old forms of society. Class distinctions, bigotry, prejudices, superstitions melt before it. Society is individualized by it. It makes each man the intelligent leader of himself. For this reason the leaders of society by divine right, the world over, have trampled upon it. Their institutions can not endure the conflagration of ignorance which the newspaper spreads over a land. It is serious business to be in authority in a land of newspapers. They have caused the heads that wear crowns to lie more uneasy than ever. That chapter in English History in which Lord Bute, the favorite of George III., Wilkes and No. 45 of the "North Briton" figure so conspicuously is a notable illustration of this antagonism between authority and criticism. The newspaper triumphed over the Prime Minister. This was in 1763. Nearly one hundred years previous "the twelve judges," says Chancellor May, "under Chief Justice Scroggs, declared it to be criminal at common law to publish any public news, whether true or false, without the king's license."

In our own country the newspaper is well-nigh a co-ordinate branch of the government. And if the question of supremacy ever comes to the touch, it will be the newspaper that will license the government and not the government the newspaper. It is the untiring, undaunted, inquisitive, remorseless, impudent, talented, abused newspaper reporter that represents the people in public affairs, reporting daily to his constituents. The legislator is simply the nominal dignitary, the form and figure of authority of which the reporter is the substance. All of us who are subscribers for a newspaper are represented, for our subscription is an endorse-

ment and ratification of the principles advocated by our paper. Given the newspapers that habitually lie upon your neighbor's table, and one can deduct with almost scientific accuracy his intellectual status, and form a somewhat just estimate of his moral stature. To most of us the local town or county paper furnishes facts and opinions sufficient to nurture our interests in affairs at large, and the religious paper that has always been in the family is a full modicum of Sunday reading. A few ambitious, unsatisfied spirits in the community think to exhibit their superiority in intelligence, by subscribing for numerous newspapers and magazines, and make a parade of being "literary." Their support of the local paper is a patronizing support of a local industry, prompted by no desire to gain any information or amusement from such an ordinary source. They must have their facts and opinions imported from the metropolis along with their purple and fine linen. As far as my observation has extended, if an illustration is permitted, the New York *Nation* newspaper lying on one's table will establish a reputation for political independence and a calm statesmanlike altitude of mind superior to that imparted by any other mere newspaper in the republic. But to what purpose this assumption of superiority! It is a perpetual struggle and unceasing vexation of spirit to maintain it. Mediocrity is the most comfortable and contented condition of existence. If my friend is interested in the Turcomans, Zulus, the Irish Land Question, or the struggles in Chili, Bolivia, and Peru, it is no concern of mine so long as he does not overwhelm me with the abundance of his information. After my own affairs, the welfare of my neighbors, and the community in which I live, is of interest to me, and I trust I would do a neighborly kindness as soon as another. But my enthusiasm over distant and remote affairs amounts to nothing.

"Did not the door bell ring, Susie?"

Run and fetch your father his evening paper, and hand his glasses from the mantel." The newsboy never forgets our paper, and he rings the bell to save us fruitless journeyings to the door stoop. He has received small pieces of silver at my hands, and I believe I hear, through the open door, inquiries of him from my daughter concerning his invalid sister. He will probably be the proprietor of a newspaper himself, some day. "Susie, the paper." What strange notions is this tiny maiden putting into that boy's head? But here is the paper. "For New England, colder, partly cloudy, occasional light snow, northwest to southwest winds, rising barometer." The local news is read aloud, and commented upon by the various members of the household. After which I have the paper to myself to peruse at leisure,—the legislative doings, the market and stock lists, various miscellaneous items, the advertisements, until my head nods and I fall into a dreamy doze, and with my feet propped against the fire-frame and the newspaper to shelter my eyes from the light, doze on, until a gentle hand is laid upon my shoulder and a voice as sweet and kindly as the far-off chant of seraphim, admonishes me, "Joseph, it is bed time." N. W. H., '73.

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TO AGNES.

O golden stars that gleam in heaven so bright,  
 O silver moon with thy soft mellow light,  
 Shine down upon my love and bear this message true,  
 I love but you, Queen of my heart, I love but you.

O snow-white clouds that float above the purple hills,  
 O deep blue arch of heaven, that all my soul with wonder fills,  
 And you, ye ocean waves, that seem so wild and free,

Say ever to the one I love, He loves, he loves but thee.

O golden stars and silver moon, O rolling clouds and sea,  
 O earth and sky bear to my love this message true from me,  
 While ye shall shine and move, aye, when ye shall cease to be,  
 Still, Queen of my soul, still I shall love but thee.  
 B. L. M.

---

WHAT TOM SAID.—II.

THE fall term was already drawing to a close. Only two weeks remained before the usual examinations. Students who had been spending a greater portion of their time in fishing, boating, and evening promenades, now devoted their attention to their books. The poor Freshmen who had been working with might and main ever since they had entered college were beginning to look pale and careworn. They rarely ever smiled now,—they who had been so proud and jubilant but a month before. Midnight oil was burned by them in such extensive quantities that the college grocers were obliged to order several extra barrels to meet the increased demand. Meanwhile there were a few men in the upper classes who seemed entirely oblivious to the fact that books were made to study. Morning, afternoon, and evening were alike devoted to the manly art of self-defense or a quiet game of poker. Freshmen looked upon them with wonder, and quietly discussed their chances of passing the dreaded ordeal.

One evening, while Tom and I were hard at work upon our Physics for the morrow, there came a timid rap upon our door. To a loud "Come in!" the door opened and Phillips, a Freshman, entered. This young man was formerly a member of the same school from which Tom had graduated, hence my chum felt a warm



interest in his college career and rendered him valuable assistance.

"Well, Phillips, how goes it?" said Tom, as he threw down his book and wheeled around, facing our visitor.

"To tell the truth," he replied, with a disconsolate air, "I am not getting along well at all. I have been plugging away on that Thucydides early and late, but I know well enough that I cannot pass a decent examination in it."

"You're feeling rather blue, my son," said I, in a voice full of sympathy.

"It's enough to make any fellow blue to think of passing a test upon those double-twisted examples in Olney," Phillips answered.

"I see that it becomes my duty, as a friend of your father, to give you a little instruction upon the subject of examinations," said Tom, as he twisted his moustache and gave me a suggestive wink. "You are what may be classically termed an unsophisticated Freshman. You are blissfully ignorant of the temptations and wiles of college life. If you will, at the commencement of the course, keep in mind that noble saying of Gilbertus, 'Things are seldom what they seem,' you will be better prepared to understand some of the remarkable phenomena which will doubtless fall under your observation during the next four years.

"Now, from my acquaintance with you, I have learned that you have a conscience. You have firmly resolved to use no cavalry whatever during your study of the classics. You are very certain that nothing will ever induce *you* to cheat at recitations or examinations. Although I admire these traits of character in a young man of your ability, yet you will find it much better to leave them all at home. A conscience is a troublesome thing for a college student to carry around; it is continually worrying him and causing trouble. As to horseflesh you will always find it easier to ride than

go afoot. With these remarks by way of introduction, I will proceed to give a few suggestions about examinations.

"Our tests are all given in the lower chapel. The questions are written upon a long blackboard. The students sit at regular distances from each other, and have before them pieces of pasteboard upon which their answers are written. Now, in order to pass successfully the tests which you must undergo, *sufficient preparation must be made*. Please do not misunderstand what I have just stated. By the words 'sufficient preparation' I do not mean the hard work necessarily incident to a thorough knowledge of your lessons, but another kind. The last week or two should be devoted to the manufacture of cribs. These are what are technically called 'aids to memory.' If your study is very hard make abstracts of it upon very small sheets of paper. Write fine and condense as much as possible. If you have difficulties with figures in Geometry or General Geometry, place them fully demonstrated upon these little slips of paper. When you go into the examination, have your carefully cribbed notes in a pocket easy of access. When the professor's eyes are turned towards the board you can slip them under the paper upon your pasteboard, and thus be able to pass a very satisfactory examination. If a class has been examined just before your turn comes, get some of the boys to look at the questions which your professor has been diligently writing upon the other side of the blackboard, and bring them out to you. In this way you will be able, occasionally, to study up the answers in your text-books before you go in. If you will follow these instructions you can spend the greater part of each term in playing billiards, poker, and base-ball, and yet keep your place in the class."

"Anybody would think, to hear you talk, that you had had considerable experience



in the business," said I, as soon as I could recover from my astonishment. "You know very well, Tom, that you don't mean one word you have said. There isn't a man in the college who has studied more faithfully, or who has been more honest in his examinations, than you."

A quiet smile played across his face as he glanced at Phillips and then at me.

"The advice which I have given is not the result of experience but of observation," replied Tom, pulling out his pipe and preparing it for service. "I believe that it is always best in directing a traveler to point out the shortest way to his destination, although it may be fraught with danger, and the longer afterward. What do you think of the first way I have shown you, Phillips?"

"Although you have shed light upon some things which I did not understand, yet with the venerable Beede I exclaim, 'Good Lord deliver me!'"

"The second method is not so attractive to the average student," said Tom, after blowing a cloud of smoke from his lips, "for it requires a different and more arduous course of study. If you would succeed in the true sense of the word, you must be willing to do a good deal of hard work. I have never yet met a man who could learn a lesson without studying it. When a college education can be bought at a bookstore, then I presume some new method will be discovered,—but until that day does come, you and I must be content to plod along in the old path.

"In the first place, if you are studying the classics or modern languages, be sure and make yourself familiar with the fundamental principles. After you have mastered these, and are engaged in reading, endeavor to translate without notes. When you have done the best you can call in the aid of notes. Don't neglect to translate the lesson of the previous day, and at the end of the week, all that you have been

over for that week. In this way you will become familiar with the words and ideas of the writer, and they will remain fixed in your mind. In mathematics I would not advise you to try to memorize all the demonstrations, providing you could. Try to put principles together in a logical order so that the desired results may be obtained. It may be necessary, at times, to commit a proposition to memory in the author's own language, in order to retain a particularly intricate method of demonstration, but such cases are rare. Try to do your own thinking, and depend upon your own efforts to work out difficult problems.

"If you will follow these latter suggestions of mine, Phillips, I think you will find that examinations are not your worst enemies, but friends in disguise."

NEMO.

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#### THE CITY BY THE SEA.

'Tis the flood of the tide,  
And, half-listless, I glide  
And watch the far town by the sea's heaving  
side;  
While, in image entire,  
Each turret and spire  
Stands in outline against the sunset's red fire.

O'er the waves, to my boat  
The city's sounds float,  
But softened and blent in a musical note;  
Now fainter they grow,  
As the sun settles low,  
And paled and subdued in the west's fiery glow.

Now the colors fade,  
And the outlined shapes made  
But the dim, haunting sense of some weird  
phantom shade;  
While I, musing, seem,  
In a strange sort of dream,  
To be borne on the breast of some mystical  
stream.

And methinks I behold  
Some fair city of old,  
With richly wrought steeples and turrets of  
gold;  
And fain would I rest  
On this mystic wave's breast,  
And be borne, half entranced, to some Isle of  
the Blest.

—H. Advocate.

## EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

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THE following item has been going the rounds of the college press:

Bates College has lost one-fifth of her students during the last six months, owing to slackness of discipline.

This statement, as many of our students are aware, was made in the columns of the *Bowdoin Orient* last fall, by a former member of our institution.

It is a pet theory with some that as soon as they have, for any reason, left one college for another, that the former institution must suffer an irretrievable loss and rapidly decline in prosperity and importance. Perhaps it was for this reason that the writer above mentioned made such a statement as he did.

Now what are the facts? *Since the beginning of the college year, Aug. 24th, only eight students have left Bates to go to other colleges. In the meantime five new students have been added to our number.* This certainly is not a very bad report to make at the end of the winter term.

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The *STUDENT* of this month appears one week earlier than usual. It is the purpose of the present Board of Editors to issue the magazine a few days earlier each month until we shall be able to have its publication occur during the first rather than the last week.

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Alumni dinners by the score have been served at the principal hotels of New York, Boston, and Hartford, during the past few weeks. When we read of the rich banquets which have been spread and of the toasts which have been offered we could not refrain from wishing that complimentary cards had been sent to Lewiston.

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We have not as yet been burdened with contributions from undergraduates. The

*STUDENT* is published in the interests of *all* members of our institution, and should therefore be a fit representative of the literary and social life at Bates. If, after the editors have done their best, the magazine fails in its mission, the fault should be placed where it belongs, namely, upon the students themselves. Now the way to make the *STUDENT* a success is for each man to feel that he has a personal interest in its prosperity. If anything falls under your observation, which you think will be entertaining to the public, do not fail to make note of it and hand it to one of the editors. If you are particularly interested in the realms of fiction, try your hand at writing a short story and give the students the benefit of your effort. Should you occasionally delight in riding Pegasus (not a pony), be not bashful about making it known. Of course we may sometimes be unable to publish what you send us, but even this ought not to discourage any one. We are all trying to make advancement as best we can. We may make mistakes, but by perseverance and manly effort we may soon learn to correct them.

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It has been but a few weeks since the intelligence was flashed across the Atlantic that Thomas Carlyle was dead. For several years he had been patiently awaiting the summons to go hence. Now that the mists have hidden him from our sight, we cannot keep back the memories which come crowding thick upon us. We remember the hours we have spent with him in that vigorous book, "Heroes and Hero Worship." Here it was that he first displayed to our wondering eyes that mysterious power which has been so influential in moulding public thought. It was however in his great work, "Sartor

Resartus," that he struck the key note to his whole literary career. Sweeping away the shams and false philosophies of society he planted the everlasting truth. His thoughts burn with a heat which centuries cannot extinguish. He who expects to find Carlyle's works "good easy reading" will be disappointed. Something more than a desire to pass away the time must be the motive of the student who would become acquainted with this great man. Carlyle's style is at times cumbersome, but it is always strong. His rough Scotch method would not please the fastidious reader. Carlyle never wrote for the purpose of making money—he left that field for shallower brains; he wrote because he *must*. He did not dare to keep quiet when he became convinced that men were plotting against the best interests of mankind. Tearing away the mask of hypocrisy behind which these children of the cloven foot had hidden themselves, he did not hesitate to reveal their real character. He believed that no man or nation ever became truly great that did not recognize a Supreme Being as the source of all power. Hence he was unsparing in his criticism of the various characters which have figured in ancient and modern history. Carlyle will, without doubt, be regarded in the next century, if not in this, as the greatest thinker since Bacon.

We frequently hear some students bemoaning the fact that we have no secret societies at Bates. Now while there are a few arguments in favor of them we think there are more in opposition. In the first place it was the purpose of the founders of the college to make it one in which students of limited means could secure an education without great expense. The support of secret societies would be no insignificant item of expense to those of the students who should become members of them.

Since the large part of our students are dependent upon their own exertions, if all these institutions, like secret societies, class exits, class balls, etc., which are supported at older colleges, should be introduced at Bates, many who are now able to bear the expense of the course would then find it impossible. Our literary societies afford an opportunity for students to perfect themselves in debate and other literary exercises, and are supported at a comparatively light expense. Secret societies would of course injure these in a great degree and perhaps run them out entirely. We think that we derive as much benefit in point of literary training from our own societies as we should from any secret society. Then we think that they tend to cause class dissensions. In each class the members of the several societies would be determined to carry out their own measures and elect their own men to the different class offices. We think this is acknowledged to be a fact in all those colleges where secret societies are established institutions.

The interest taken thus early in baseball matters serves to remind us that the sporting season is near at hand. Last year our first Field Day exercises occurred Saturday, June 19. This date was later than that of either Bowdoin or Colby, and it has been suggested by some one that we have Field Day earlier this year. The suggestion is worthy of consideration. During the middle or latter part of June our section is generally visited with the warmest weather. Those attending the sports last year will remember the amount of caloric in the atmosphere and its effect upon the contestants. The runners came off the track in a reeking perspiration, their throats parched with heat and filled with dust, and their faces red and inflamed. Umbrellas aided greatly in keeping off the pouring rays of the sun, but their aid in



one respect was more than counterbalanced by their annoyance to sight-seers.

Last year Field Day was an experiment, but taking all circumstances into consideration, it was eminently successful, and much credit is due the prime movers in its establishment, who were members of '80. The class cup, presented to the college by the above-mentioned class, to be turned over to the class winning the greatest number of prizes, indicates the interest of '80 in our sports, and this circumstance, together with our own spirit of pride and friendly rivalry, ought to arouse in each student a deep enthusiasm—a determination to make the day one to be looked forward to with great expectations. It will require much hard, faithful work to accomplish this result. Those intending to enter the lists should begin to take daily exercise. It is none too early.

Our record last year was nothing to be ashamed of. It compared favorably with that of other institutions, where the observance of the day has been successfully established for several years. But it can be bettered the coming season if every man does his duty. The raw material is good; let it be properly fashioned, and thus made better.

On Wednesday, March 2d, the monotony of college routine was suddenly broken by an event long to be remembered by the students and officers of the college. When the bellman went to ring at half-past one o'clock he saw through the glass door that the bellman's room was full of smoke. He ran inside and turned the contents of the water pail upon the flames. This producing no effect he rushed out and shouted "fire" with such vigor as to arouse all the students in Parker Hall and the gymnasium. In two minutes thirty or forty men were on the spot deluging the room with water. Meanwhile the college bell was sending the alarm over the city, and

hundreds came running from all directions to the scene. A man was promptly dispatched to fire alarm box, No. 18, corner of Vale and College Streets, to signal the fire department. The flames appearing to be under the floor, a gigantic Freshman wielded an ax with such vigor as to quickly make an opening through which the flames poured. The boys promptly attacked this small volcano with well-filled water pails. Other holes were quickly cut. By this time it appeared that the whole space between the floor and the ceiling of the rooms below was a roaring furnace, whose flames could defy the contents of a thousand waterpails. The fire department were a long time arriving, owing to the terrible condition of the streets which were filled with deep snow and slush, through which the horses plunged at every step. "The building must go, save the libraries!" was the exclamation of the boys when they saw the extent of the fire. They immediately rallied at their respective society rooms, situated in the third story and in close proximity to the flames. The doors were locked, but it was no time to search for keys, and they were immediately burst open, and the rooms quickly cleared of chandeliers, pictures, carpets, libraries containing 1600 volumes, and musical instruments. These were all carried to Parker Hall in safety.

The fire department had by this time attached two lines of hose to the hydrant west of Parker Hall, and were doing their best to check the flames. The issue was for a long time doubtful. As soon as possible a third line of hose was attached to an engine which was supplied with water by a second engine posted farther down College Street, and three streams were now playing upon the fire. This flood of water soon began to find its way through the ceilings and run in streams into the laboratories and college library, which con-

tains 5,200 volumes. These were quickly cleared of apparatus and books.

It was about an hour and a half after the alarm was given, when the engines and hydrants ceased playing on the building, and the flames were extinguished.

The real cause of the fire is unknown. It caught in the bellman's room, probably from the stove. No blame can be attached to any one. There was no one in the room after twelve o'clock, but when it was left the dampers of the stove were all carefully closed.

There is \$10,000 insurance on the building; \$5,000 of which is in the Home of New York, and \$5,000 in the American of Philadelphia. The adjustors of the insurance companies placed the damage at \$1,468.80. It is, as yet, difficult to estimate the damage aside from the injury to the building. It was, of course, impossible to move the apparatus, libraries, and natural history cabinet so unceremoniously without considerable damage.

The recitations were interrupted for one day only.

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It is evident to all who have given the subject thought that there is a potency in the words of a gifted speaker, a certain peculiar charm which often exerts an influence by other means impossible. In politics, science, religion, art,—it matters little where—that man who is capable of giving expression easily and fittingly to even ordinary ideas upon an ordinary subject, possesses a material advantage over his fellows. Hence the question: Is not public speaking a subject which merits closer attention among young and aspiring men than it is receiving? Is it not imperative that every young man who lays claim to ambition in any direction should cultivate as far as possible this so valuable a power? We are approaching a time when the educated man must make himself felt, in politics especially. It is to education that this age will owe its glory.

It is to educated men that this nation owes its origin as a free republic. It will be to educated men that it must owe its continuance, unscathed by the dogmas of ignorance and the fallacies of demagogism. Hence the necessity of bringing into action those faculties most forcible and broadest in influence. If the platform is more potent than the press, as it often must be, since it reaches a class incapable of being influenced by the latter, then it is essential that the educated man should prepare himself to exert the influence thereby made possible.

Again, if one is desirous of political honors or preferment of any kind in the gift of the people, there is no surer path than through the rostrum. This age in its blind and foolish worship of smartness is always ready to consider the brilliant speaker the embodiment of wisdom, and, charmed by the magic of his silver tongue is pleased to pay him all the homage in its power.

To another wishing to scatter broadcast the seeds of philanthropy and wisdom, and desiring to bring before the common people these wrongs and the remedy for them, there is no method so simple and at the same time so efficient as is presented by the platform and the pulpit. There is labor involved in a thorough preparation in this direction, but so there is in every thing of value, yet the pleasure and the profit in the knowledge gained and influence exerted seems more than an offset.

After a time, through the lessons learned in the preparation of efforts involving thought and diligent labor, there comes the added grace of the extempore. Few, perhaps, can become expert in the latter, but these sometimes hidden possibilities. Few can equal Burke or Henry, but all can, with a fair effort, become competent to express clearly, if not eloquently, ideas which in themselves perhaps may be superior to those advanced by the most brilliant orator.

LOCALS.

Whooper-up.

"Ha! ha! I-e-gorry!"

"You old reservoir!"

"Pass the unabridged."

Do you ever play "keerds"?

"Apples! apples! one cent!"

A *chef-d'œuvre*—the candy boy.

Skill says, "Chaw me up if I do!"

It is an open question, whether or no.

Come back! Oh, come back to our embrace!

Sophs, clip your horses; examinations are at hand.

"Now—now do you know anything about George Washington's birthday?"

A student buried in thought was one of the sights in Parker Hall last Thursday.

Song of the returned pedagogue: "I'm with ye once again, ye crags and peaks."

"The Deacon's Prophecy, and What Became of It," a college story, will appear in our next.

One of the boys says he thinks he shall have to take a post-graduate course before he can get his diploma.

On inauguration day the campaign flag of the Bates Garfield and Arthur Club was run out at the college.

The lowest estimate of the earnings of the 88 teachers sent out by Bates this year, exclusive of board, is about \$7,000.

Money is tight among the boys. Nobody is to blame except the officers of the law. The prohibitory law *must* be enforced.

One of our schoolmasters asked a little boy to spell "unite." He did it thusly: "Y-o-u, you, n-i-g-h-t, night—younight."

Read the advertisement of Chandler & Estes, book dealers. This is a reliable firm, and deserves your patronage. Books of every description furnished at the lowest rates.

The Polymnian Society held a mock trial on Feb. 26th, in place of the usual exercises. Lib and Beede made lots of fun.

The nine hereafter are to have the gymnasium, to the exclusion of all others, from half-past four until five every afternoon.

Professor (illustrating on the board the phenomena of rainbows by means of chalk rain-drops)—"You see, I only take three drops."

Student—"Professor, will you please excuse me from the next recitation?" Prof.—"Ye—yes, but now—now you make it up, won't you, *dear*?"

It was interesting to see the solitary inmate of Hathorn Hall carrying off his Penates under his arm. They came dreadfully near being scorched.

Skill don't want the boys to bring wheelbarrows into Parker Hall and leave them in the passages. They discommode him when he goes out to ring the bell.

Washington's birthday was a holiday for us this year. George was a good boy, and became a likely young man. We should observe the anniversary of his advent every year.

Morning after fire in Hathorn Hall: First Gamin—"They don't have no recitations up to the college to-day." Second Gamin—"I wish our school kept up there, don't you?"

'84 is making preparation to do some good work in base-ball next season. They have elected Whitmarsh, Captain, and Mariner, Manager, and have selected twelve to practice in the gymnasium.

Small things sometimes prove aggravating. When you are thinking about the glorious future as represented in the "Sweet by-and-bye," it is a sort of grind to break off the chain of your thoughts and clean out the spittoon.



Among the new books to be added to the college library this term, are the following: *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Bryant's *History of the United States*, and Carlyle's works.

When you visit a classmate don't rap on the door. Creep along still, and open the door suddenly. In nine cases out of ten you will see sights that will reward you for your shrewdness.

How it encourages a student to step in on his classmate and find him sitting in a three-legged chair, with only three cents in his pocket, studying the chapter on "Money," in *Political Economy*.

A large number of the students have taught school during this college year, as the following figures show: Senior class, 22; Junior class, 22; Sophomore class, 18; Freshman class, 26; total, 88.

"Do you know what I thought about you the first time I saw you?" "No; what did you?" "Now I'm not going to say anything bad about you, but I thought you was brought up in the reform school."

The professor in *Political Economy* had just been telling the class that at one time tobacco was the legal currency in Virginia. Student—"Well, professor, wouldn't tobacco be liable to depreciation if carried about in the pants?"

A Soph offers two dollars for the best set of answers to questions in *General Geometry* examination, which can be handed him before said examination closes. Says he intends to give a fair equivalent for all things received.

When a fellow gets up in the night to let his chum in, and runs his toes against the castors on the table, ought he to stifle his thoughts on the subject of castors, or stand up in all the dignity of his manhood, and, backed by the assurance that he has got rights not to be trifled with, express himself fearlessly?

The Juniors are now studying *Political Economy*. The great interest manifested by Prof. Stanley in making this study instructive has become contagious among the boys. His explanations are clear, and the discussions upon the different points in each lesson are very beneficial.

Our professor in modern languages says that the German word "damit," should always be accented on the last syllable. But when a man slips down on the ice he invariably gives the accent on the first. It seems as though custom authorizes the latter pronunciation.

A Senior carried a basket of husks from the first to the third floor of Parker Hall the other day, intending to plague the owner a little. When he reached the landing in the third story, the aforesaid owner appeared and wondered what had made Strouty so obliging all at once.

Several of our most promising young men, who have mastered the knotty points in mathematics and classics, can't raise an upper-lipper. They wander about listlessly as though this life had lost all its pleasure for them. How true it is that a college course can't do everything for a man.

A Junior bought a stiff hat last fall term, and shortly after one of the boys threw a piece of an old hod, hit his hat and made a hole through it. A day or two ago he bought another new one. He went out the next evening to see his girl, and she sat down upon it and broke the brim. He says he can't put much confidence in a stiff hat.

'84 has elected the following class officers: President, J. E. McVay; Vice President, W. D. Wilson; Secretary and Treasurer, E. M. Holden; Chaplain, E. F. Burrell; Marshal, F. S. Sampson; Executive Committee, 1st, E. H. Emery, 2d, Miss K. A. McVay, 3d, E. R. Chadwick; Toast Master, J. W. Chadwick; Orator, M. S.

Hersey; Odist, Miss E. S. Knowles; Poet, Aaron Beede; Prophet, D. S. Whitmarsh.

A student found it necessary to discipline one of his small scholars this winter. The little fellow, who was only about five or six years of age, did not like the idea of being punished and resisted stoutly. The teacher at length securing his hand, prepared to ferrule him, when the little fellow sobbed out, "If you—you'll stop now—I—will."

Mr. O. L. Frisbee, '83, has just finished a very successful term of school at Kittery Point, this being his third term in that place. He and his scholars edited a paper each month, which was enjoyed very much by both scholars and parents. From what we learn of Mr. Frisbee's success we should say that he did well to serve a third term.

The Day of Prayer for colleges was observed at Bates in the usual manner. In the forenoon a prayer-meeting, conducted by B. G. Eaton, '82, was held in the C. C. A. room. In the afternoon a sermon was delivered by Rev. F. D. Clark, of the Williston Street Church, Portland. His text was taken from II. Peter, 3:9—"Not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." The unmistakable earnestness of the speaker, and his clear reasoning, made the discourse highly convincing. In the evening another prayer-meeting was held, conducted by B. S. Rideout, '81. All the exercises were fully attended by the students, and many citizens were present.

The most of those students who have been swinging the pedagogic cane in the rural districts have now returned. They tell of some funny things which they have seen and heard during their vacation, among which we note the following: One morning while a jolly Junior was on his way to the little school-house, where he was wont to wield the birchen withe, he

was overtaken by a man of his acquaintance who was driving his old horse Bob at an unusual speed. On coming up the man cried out in much haste and agitation, "Can—can you tell me if the doctor is at home?" Junior—"I think he is; but what is the matter, Mr. —?" Mr. ——"Oh, Mary Ann, she—she's got the—git Bob," and applying the whip to old Bob he was soon out of sight.

The B. B. Association met Feb. 23d, in the lower chapel, and chose the following officers for the coming year: President, S. A. Lowell, '82; Vice President, E. Remick, '83; Treasurer and Collector, G. E. Lowden, '81; Secretary, W. S. Hoyt, '82; Directors, 1st, W. T. Perkins, '81, 2d, J. W. Douglass, '82, 3d, W. F. Cowell, '83, 4th, C. W. Foss, '84; Manager, E. D. Rowell, '81. A committee of three was appointed to select twelve men to practice in the gymnasium. The following names were presented: Wilbur, Parsons, Sanborn, Tinkham, Norcross, Rowell, Dresser, Foss, Tiffany, Hatch, Whitmarsh, Ricker. The motion was made and carried, that these twelve men shall be divided into three divisions, with a manager over each, who shall rank each man on his work in the gymnasium, and that no man, however skillful or unskillful as a base-ballist, who does not come up to a certain rank to be decided upon by the captain, shall have a place upon the nine. This plan it is hoped will secure a steadier practice on the part of our men, so that when the season opens they can go into the field with muscles "knotted for the conflict."

The annual prize declamations by the Sophomore class (first division) came off Friday evening, March 4th, before a very small audience, owing to the inclemency of the weather. The rain fell in torrents nearly all the evening, and it is doubtful if a more disagreeable night could have been chosen. Notwithstanding the damp-

ness of the atmosphere a large number of *Freshmen* were present (whether actuated by a desire to hear the speaking, or not, we are unable to say), and occasionally a cane could be seen to which the owner was clinging with an air of determination. But all was "quiet along the Potomac." The exercises were held in the Free Baptist Church, since the fire had rendered the chapel unfit for use. Excellent music was furnished by '81 Quartette, with Manson, '83, at the organ. The following is the programme:

## MUSIC.

## PRAYER.

## MUSIC.

The Great Republic.—*Holmes.*

Burial of John Brown.—*Phillips.*

Shipwrecked.

H. O. Dorr.  
J. B. Ham.  
Miss N. R. Little.

## MUSIC.

Honor to Labor.—*Carlyle.*

The Debts of Arcot.—*Burke.*

Joan of Arc.—*DeQuincey.*

H. H. Tucker.  
D. N. Grice.  
Miss E. S. Bickford.

## MUSIC.

Address to the Boys in Blue.—*Garfield.*

The Care of the Poncas.—*Pierce.*

Pensioning of Jeff Davis.—*Blaine.*

Nomination of Grant.—*Conkling.*

W. H. Barker.  
J. S. Reade.  
E. P. Jordan.

## MUSIC.

The speaking, as a whole, was very good, but we think that lack of force was a very common fault. The Committee of Award, H. E. Foss, J. E. Holton, and G. E. Lowden, after being out some time, brought in the names of D. N. Grice, J. S. Reade, and E. P. Jordan, who, together with the second division, will contest for the prize, Friday evening, March 18th.

It is rumored that the Greek play to be brought out at Harvard this spring will be taken to New York and Washington, and that a week will be given to the actors for that purpose.

## ALUMNI NOTES.

[Persons possessing information of interest in regard to the whereabouts or positions of the Alumni, will oblige by forwarding the same to the Editors.—EDS.]

The following Bates graduates are in Bowdoin Medical College: E. V. Scribner, '78; E. A. McCollister, '79; P. R. Clason, '76; W. H. Adams, '76; C. B. Rankin, '80.

'67.—Rev. W. S. Stockbridge has recently been elected superintendent of an Industrial Institution in Georgetown, D.C., and will enter upon the discharge of the duties incident to his office immediately.

'72.—Rev. C. A. Bickford was publicly installed as pastor of the First Free Baptist Church, Lawrence, Mass., Feb. 9. The right hand of fellowship was extended by Rev. G. S. Ricker, '67, pastor of Mt. Vernon Church, Lowell, Mass.

'74.—F. B. Stanford, the founder of the STUDENT, is now connected with the American Book Exchange in New York City.

'75.—A. M. Spear has a flourishing law practice in Hallowell.

'75.—G. W. Wood, who studied law with Messrs. Frye, Cotton & White of this city, has been admitted to the Suffolk County (Mass.) bar. We understand that Mr. Wood intends to commence the practice of law in Boston.

'80.—Miss Laura W. Harris has been engaged as preceptress of Wilton Academy, Wilton, Me.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

We have received a copy of *Woodhull & Claflin's Journal*, a paper "devoted to the advocacy of great social questions, and for the higher instruction and improvement of woman." The editors of this paper have established anything but an enviable reputation in this country. When the principles of Free Love were warmly advocated, and the air was thick



with scandals of the worst type, Mrs. Woodhull, as she was then known, occupied a prominent position among the upholders of the new philosophy. Unable to obtain entire liberty of speech in this country, she has withdrawn to the wilderness of London, Eng., where she is endeavoring to vindicate her career in the past and advance principles which the present age finds difficulty in accepting. The following articles which appear in the number before us are sufficiently suggestive of the purposes and aims of the editors: "Truth Crushed to Earth," "Mrs. Victoria Woodhull's Vindication," "Copy of Mrs. Woodhull's Divorce from Col. Blood," "The Beecher Article," "Free Love in Marriage."

*Stockbridge's Musical Journal* for February is at hand. It contains, besides interesting musical notes, a song entitled "Turnham Toll"; also two instrumental pieces, "Fond Hearts Must Part," and "Tulip Polka."

The *Boston Times*, following the plan adopted by the *New York World*, devotes a column or two to college news each week. The *Times* is essentially a society paper, and in its capacity as such will confer quite a favor upon the public by introducing the latest items of interest concerning our educational institutions.

We have received the March number of the *Illustrated Scientific News*, a journal containing a record of the sciences and their applications in the arts and sciences. Among the interesting articles we notice the following: "Capt. Ead's Great Ship Railway," "Antarctic Icebergs," "Manufacture of Wall Paper," "Throwing a Ball on a Horizontal Curve." The paper commends itself to the examination of all students.

We have received the following exchanges during the past month: *Wabash*, *Cornell Review*, *Dalhousie Gazette*, *Har-*

*vard Advocate*, *Amherst Student*, *Columbia Spectator*, *Acta Victoriana*, *Trinity Tablet*, *North Western*, *Collegian and Neoterian*, *Student Life*, *Niagra Index*, *College Ohio*, *Chronicle*, *College Journal*, *Cornell Era*, *Madisonensis*, *Central Collegian*, *Williams Athenaeum*, *College Journal* (Georgetown), *College Rambler*, *Vassar Miscellany*, *Washington Jeffersonian*, *Oberlin Review*, *College Argus*, *Yale Record*, *Berkeleyan*, *Acta Columbiana*, *College Student*, *Lutherville Seminarian*, *Wittenberger*, *Brunonian*, *Cornellian*, *Bowdoin Orient*, *Illustrated Scientific News*, *N. Y. World*, *Boston Times*, *Stockbridge's Musical Journal*.

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### EXCHANGES.

It is a very easy matter for the exchange editor to tear off the wrappers of his visitors, look at their names, and then throw them into the waste-basket; but it is quite another thing to look them all over and form an intelligent opinion of their contents. It requires much time and patience to even glance over the large number of papers and magazines which present themselves for our consideration. And yet we do not think that a just criticism can be made upon the merits of any periodical unless it has been carefully examined. Superficial criticisms are found in almost every department of literature, but perhaps in no department are they more abundant than in the average newspaper and college magazine. Perhaps there is little or no excuse for the former, but there are, certainly, many for the latter. The necessity of keeping up his studies, the importance of continuing a course of reading in history, science, and fiction, and finally the demands of society, which, in the case of most college men, is no small matter,—conspire to drag a student editor away from solid work. It is only by denying self and concentrating his

efforts upon the task imposed upon him, that he can make his paper what it ought to be.

The *Columbia Spectator* and *Student Life* are the only college papers which make a specialty of illustrations. To be sure there are several others who present a two-inch-square cut once in a while, but these are hardly worth noticing. The last number of the *Spectator* now lies before us. During the past winter its artists have been engaged in drawing cuts illustrating various phases of society life and gossip. How well they have succeeded is attested by their increasing popularity. The full page illustration, entitled *Free Trade (in speech) vs. Protection*, is well executed and very suggestive. When we consider that the work of drawing and engraving these cuts is done entirely by the students, we cannot help admiring the enterprise and pluck which the managers display in bringing out the art talent of the college. The literary part of the *Spectator* is well conducted.

The *Tripod* and *Vidette* have been consolidated in the *North Western*, a tasty and well printed paper of twenty pages. If the editors carry out their intentions as expressed in the prospectus, we are quite certain that it will win for itself an enviable reputation.

The *Oberlin Review* contains, this month, a very ably written article upon "French Democracy." The writer shows by the facts which he presents, that he thoroughly understands his subject. A short poem entitled "Life," is worth remembering:

"The chord of life—it ends in God's  
Two hands,—swings 'cross the realms of Time.

"Each new-born soul, like nestlings young,  
Starts trembling from the hand of God.

"Faith is the bar by which we walk  
This dizzy, swinging cord of life;

"God is our starting point—our source—  
His hand receives us at the last."

The *Lutherville Seminarian*, published by the young ladies of Lutherville Female

Seminary, Baltimore County, Md., asks us to exchange. Certainly we will. We have always found it a difficult matter to refuse the requests of young ladies, especially those connected with colleges and seminaries. We hope that the *Seminarian* will continue its visits to our sanctum.

The *Wittenberger* is one of the most interesting exchanges we receive. It has, however, a fault or two which ought to be corrected: for instance, its literary department is apt to be heavy and didactic. Historical essays are well enough in their place, but are they what students want to find in a college paper or magazine?

The *Brunonian* contains a very timely editorial upon the late Prof. Diman, and his work at Brown. Beloved and respected by his students, he wielded a great influence over them at all times. His opinions upon political questions had more weight with the students than a dozen campaign orators. Evidently something was the matter with the person who wrote these lines:

"But a gloom stole into my soul that night  
As it talked with the Soul of the Sea,  
For the sea told a secret that froze it with fright,  
That my soul never told to me.

"Weeping it came; still I slept on the height;  
In a dream it came back to me;  
And my soul has not been the same soul since  
that night,  
When it talked with the Soul of the Sea."

The first three stanzas of this poem, so-called, tell how his body and soul became separated, the former lying on the top of a cliff, and the other going off on an excursion over the sea. We have concluded that the writer was either demented or possessed a soul of a new pattern.

The *College Student* is also a new visitor to our sanctum. Its typography, though not of the best, is yet about up to the usual standard of our Southern press. We were much disappointed to find that the editors had allowed a lecture, entitled "The Celtic Element in English Poetry," to occupy so much space. Perhaps, as an editorial

asserts, it is far more desirable to the patrons of the *Student* than anything else, but we doubt it. Dry essays and lectures have no place in a college paper.

The *Harvard Advocate* is an excellent representative of life and thought at Harvard. We never open its pages without expecting to find well written articles. Its standard is high, and its poetry breathes forth a healthy spirit of youthful vigor. It never resorts to underhanded measures in dealing with its contemporaries, but is at all times outspoken and courteous. Such a paper as the *Advocate* does much toward crushing out the opinion, prevalent among the narrow philosophers of New England, that college journalism is a failure. We clip the following "Serenade" from the last number received:

"Fair o'er the dusky hills afar,  
The moon in splendor shining,  
Peeps through my lady's window, where  
A pure white rose is twining.

"Ah, bold rose, to climb so nigh  
To where my love lies sleeping;  
Ah, bold moon from starlit sky,  
Thy vigil o'er her keeping.

"Rose, thy sweetest scent distill;  
Moon, shine bright above her;  
Say that 'neath her window-sill  
Waits her own true lover.

"Ah, bold rose, to climb so nigh  
To where my love lies sleeping;  
Ah, bold moon, I would that I  
At her face were peeping."

### COLLEGE WORLD.

The expenses of instruction in Chinese at Harvard last year was \$4,062.15; fees received, \$30.

Goldsmith of the Chicagos is coaching Yale's nine; Ward, Princeton's; Keef, Harvard's; and Richmond, Brown's.

Prof. Alexander G. Bell has received the Volta prize of \$10,000 of the French Academy for the invention of electricity.

The President of Wooster University, Wooster, Ohio, has posted the following notice: "Hereafter no female student will

be allowed to receive more than one visitor per week, and he must not stay later than nine o'clock."

The richest University in the world is that of Leyden, Holland, its real estate alone being worth over four million dollars.

Trinity's ball nine has disbanded, and all the athletic energy of the college is to be turned to cricket, in which there are hopes that a good record will be made.

There has been considerable sickness at Brown University. A physician who was called to treat one of the patients is reported to have said that the rooms are not fit to live in and that he would not live in one of them thirty days for a large sum of money.

The Yale Glee Club has arranged the following dates for its concert tour: April 13th, Brooklyn; 14th, Wilkesbarre; 15th, Harrisburg; 16th, Reading (or Lancaster); 18th, Philadelphia; 19th, Washington; 20th, New York. The last will be for the benefit of the Boat Club.

There are 66,000 schools and colleges in India, with an attendance of 1,900,000 boys and girls. The intellectual portion of the instruction given is extended to literature, history, and all included under the general term of the "humanities."

Evidently the tone of Smith College is gradually improving. Last year the girls smashed in the stiff hats of the serenading Amherst Glee Clubs with oranges. This year they deluged the Yale Club, it is said, with molasses candy, thereby saving the hats and showing an admirable spirit of economy.—*Amherst Student*.

The Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association had its sixth annual meeting on the 22d of January, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York. Ten colleges were represented, as follows: Amherst, Columbia, Cornell, Harvard, Lehigh, Princeton, Rutgers, Stevens, University of Pennsylvania,



and Yale. A committee was appointed to expend the sum of \$150 for a silver cup, upon which is to be engraved the name of the college receiving the largest number of first prizes each year and also the names of the winners. The next field meeting will be at Mott Haven on the 28th of May. The newly elected officers are: President, W. I. Badger of Yale; Vice President, E. J. Wendell of Harvard; Secretary, A. Harvey of Columbia; Treasurer, H. F. J. Potter of Lehigh; Executive Committee, G. H. Taylor of Columbia, W. P. Field of Princeton, and the Chairman, W. I. Badger.

### CLIPPINGS.

Der shmall boy stands on der fountain,  
Und he don't got on any close,  
Und der young girls dey all plush and say,  
Vat he means py such conduct as dose ?

Cain preceded Abraham as a pitcher;  
for it is well known that he gave Abel the  
drop and retired him on three strikes.—  
*Brunonian*.

We have just read a handkerchief flirtation code, and advise all men desiring to avoid breach-of-promise suits to wipe their mouths with their coat-tails.

The latest conundrum at Wellesley is, "Why are our teachers like the third conjugation?" "Because they have no *bo* in the future."—*Harvard Echo*.

Senior—"I desire the picture of every brother in the class." "How about the sisters?" S.—"The brethren always embrace the sisters."—*Beacon*.

Prof. A. says: "The ship which carries the missionary to heathen lands often bears a burden of 'liquid fire and distilled damnation.'"—*Princetonian*. We never heard a missionary called that before. The description is however exceedingly spirited.—*Amherst Student*.

A Haverford Senior claims that the game of base-ball is of antique origin. For he says, "Even Noah practiced in the morning when he got the dove out on the fly."

Professor (to Senior in electricity)—"Are sparks of a long duration?" Senior (with a knowing look)—"It depends on whether the old folks have gone to bed or not."

Mr. S. in Moral Philosophy—"If I were the only man in the world, I would still be a man." Professor—"Yes, Mr. S.; but yet it would not be good for you to be alone."—*Amherst Student*.

"My dear," said a sentimental maiden to her lover, "of what do the autumnal tints, this glowing baldric of the sky, this blazing garniture of the year, remind you?" "Pancakes," he promptly answered. And then he realized for the first time that two hearts did not beat as one.

Scene in chapel: Comely young lady, bringing melody from the piano, strikes too hard and hurts her hand. Gallant Senior (standing near, sympathically looking at left hand)—"Poor little hand! How badly swollen it is!" Young Lady (briskly)—"Yes, but that isn't the one, thank you!"

Stella Basbleu, Vassar, '81, has just been relating some astronomical facts and figures. A. Dullston Sloeman ("never went in for that sort of thing, you know")—"I see how one can find out how large and how far away the stars are, but—by Jove! I don't *quite* see how they ever found out their *names*."

Student (reciting in Zoology)—"Articulates are endowed with all of the five senses." Prof.—"Do you pretend to say that worms smell?" Student—"Yes, sir." Prof.—"Please give some example you have observed that leads you to think so." Student—"Angleworms, when left in a box in warm weather."

*Advertisements.*

# BATES COLLEGE.

## FACULTY OF INSTRUCTION AND GOVERNMENT.

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Prof. of Ecclesiastical History and Pastoral Theology.

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Professor of Psychology and Exegetical Theology.

RICHARD C. STANLEY, A.M.,  
Professor of Chemistry and Geology.

THOMAS L. ANGELL, A.M.,  
Professor of Modern Languages.

REV. JAMES ALBERT HOWE, D.D.,  
Professor of Systematic Theology and Homiletics.

GEORGE C. CHASE, A.M.,  
Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature.

THOMAS HILL RICH, A.M.,  
Professor of Hebrew.

JOHN H. RAND, A.M.,  
Professor of Mathematics.

## CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

### TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—

LATIN: In six books of Virgil's *Æneid*; six orations of Cicero; the *Catiline* of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, and in Harkness' Latin Grammar. GREEK: In three books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*; two books of Homer's *Iliad*, and in Hadley's Greek Grammar. MATHEMATICS: In Loomis' or Greenleaf's Arithmetic, in the first twelve chapters of Loomis' Algebra, and in two books of Geometry. ENGLISH: In Mitchell's Ancient Geography, and in Worcester's Ancient History.

All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

## COURSE OF STUDY.

The regular Course of Instruction is that commended by the leading Colleges of the country as eminently adapted to secure liberal culture and a sound classical education.

## EXPENSES.

The annual expenses are about \$200. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirteen scholarships and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise.

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